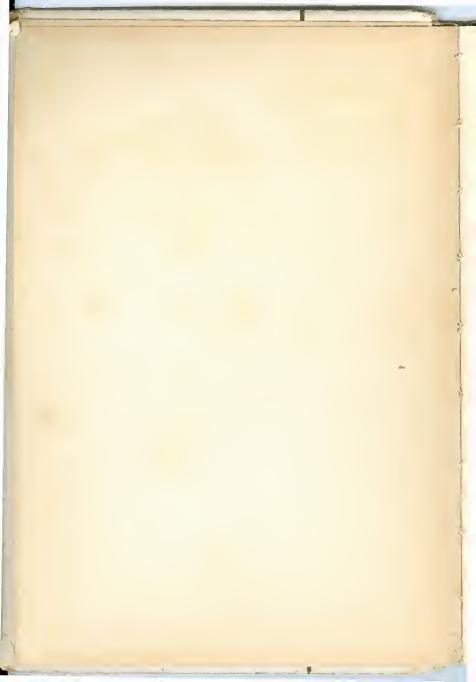
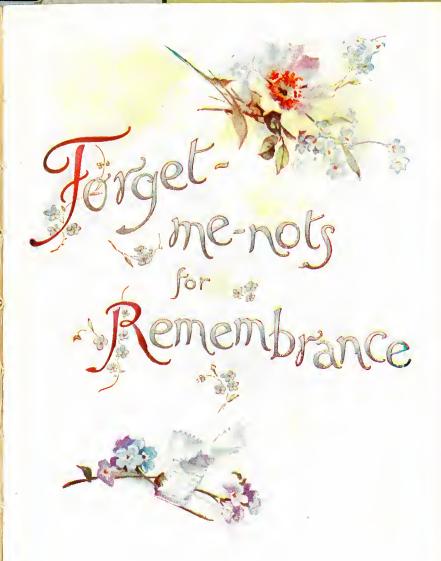




G. Leonard Baidwin from Any





Cupples & Leon New York

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Forget-me-nots of Remembrance.

FORGET-ME-NOTS of sweet remembrance,
memory's dearest flowers,
That hide them in the sheltered nooks,
and haunt the shadiest bowers;
Of all dear Nature's children that
her sun and showers bring,
They are the happiest and the best,
because they speak of Spring.

They speak of Spring—the waking leaves,
and singing of the birds,
The music and the songs that never
yet were set to words;
The growing green, the lengthening days,
the ever-deep'ning blue,
The feeling that the world is good,
and every friend is true.

I would that these I send you,
with my greeting wish, may bring
To you the hope and happiness that
is the gift of Spring;



That whispers you, "Remember me," and says, "You're not forgot!"

With Forget-me-nots.

DREAMILY flows the rippling river,
Winding away serene and blue,
Singing and singing on forever
One little song the morning through.

Blue is the mist that hangs so faintly,
Like a dim veil the fields above;
Blue is the heaven that, soft and saintly,
Seems to look down on us with love

Would I could paint the peace unbroken,

Tell the joy of this rare blue day,

Send you at least some sweet, meet token

Of thoughts and wishes from far away.

Lo! at my feet blue flow'rets tender,

Warm with the kiss of the noontide sun!

Here—let them mirror you all the splendour

Of mist and river and sky in one!

Ellis Walton.



BUT of the flowers that deck the field,
Or grace the garden by the cot,
Though others richer perfume yield,
The sweetest is Forget-me-not.



Praise.

A PRAISE of early freshness, of carol and of trill,
Re-echoing all the music of valley and of rill;
A praise that we are sharing with every
singing breeze,
With nightingales and linnets, with waterfalls
and trees;
With anthems of the flowers too delicate and sweet
For all their fairy minstrelsy our mortal ears to greet.

A mighty song of blessing Archangels to uplift, For their own bright existence,

a grand and glorious gift.

But such their full life-chalice,

so sparkling and so pure,

And such their vivid sense of joy,

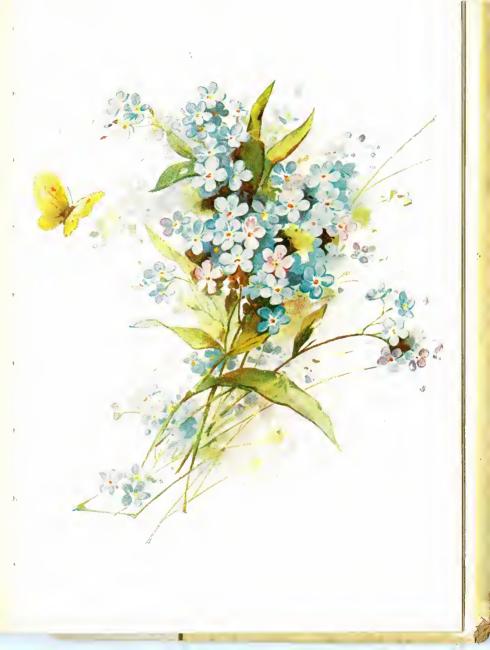
sweet, solid and secure,

We cannot write the harmonies to such a song of bliss,

We only catch the melody, and sing,

content with this.

F. R. Havergal.



The Three Lessons.

THERE are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now, And gladness hides her face in scorn, Put thou the shadow from the brow—

No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy barque is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Faith, Hope, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll.
Light when thou else wert blind.

Schiller.

Forget Me Not.

WHEN to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came);
And standing at its Father's feet,
And gazing in his face,
It said, in low and trembling tones:
"Dear God, the name Thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot."
Kindly the Father looked him down
And said, "Forget Me not."

Forget-me-not.

OH! who would stay in the house to-day,
While over the meadow the larks still sing,
When counted by hours are the lives of the flowers,
And Summer itself must soon take wing?

Here by a stream is the pale blue gleam
Of a little flower, to children dear—
It seems to say, "I must soon away,
'Forget-me-not' till I come next year."

Ellis Walton.



And you gave me some and

I took them home,

And I treasured those blossoms blue,

Tho' never a flower was

needed less

To be given to me by you.

C. A. Barnard.

TO FEEL, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud that spreads above
That ruleth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went, And Nature's living motion lent The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wonder'd at the beauteous hours, The slow result of Winter showers; You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wonder'd while I passed along, The woods were filled so much with song, There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

And all so variously wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought.

Tennyson.

The Forget-me-not.

THERE is a little and a pretty flower,

That you may find in

many a garden plot:



Yet while it is, and grows amid the stour
Of public road, as in close-wattled bower,
Its name in English is "Forget-me-not."

Sweet was the fancy of those antique ages,
That put a heart in every stirring leaf,
Writing deep morals upon Nature's pages,
Turning sweet flowers into deathless sages,
To calm our joy and sanctify our grief.

Fain would I know, and yet I can but guess,

How the blue floweret won a name so sweet.

Did some fond mother, bending down to bless

Her sailing son with last and fond caress,

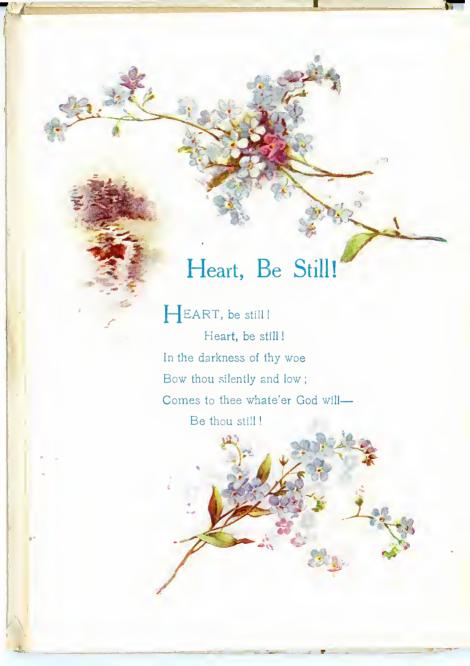
Give the small plant to guard him through

the fleet?

Did a kind maid, that thought her lover all
By which a maid would fain beloved be,
Leaning against a ruined abbey wall,
Make of the flower an am'rous coronal,
That still should breathe and whisper,
"Think of me?"

But were I good and holy as a saint,
Or hermit dweller in secluded grot,
If e'er the soul in hope and love were faint,
Then, like an antidote to mortal taint,
I'd give the pretty flower forget-me-not.

Hartley Coleridge.



Be thou still!

Vainly all thy words are spoken,

Till the word of God hath broken

Life's mysterious mysteries—good or ill—

Be thou still!

Rest thou still!
'Tis thy Father's work of grace—
Wait thou yet before His face;
He thy sure deliv'rance will—
Keep thou still!

Lord, my God!

By Thy grace, oh, may I be
All submissive, silently,
To the chastenings of Thy rod,
Lord, my God!

Shepherd King!
From Thy fullness grant to me
Still, yet fearless, faith in Thee,
Till from night the day shall spring
Shepherd King!



